tional Capital.

A FAMOUS FREDER.

you could get all sorts of epicurean dishes with

unpronounceable Freuch names and with cor-

respondingly big figures in the price list. It

has been to Washington what Delmonico's was

to New York. Although it still maintains its

place at the head, it has of late years encoun-

tered some brisk competition from other suc-

cessful and ambitious caterers, whose growing

popularity has threatened its fame. John

Welcker was a German from near the French

border. He was a butcher by occupation, and

followed this business for some time after he

came to Washington. During the war he

thought he saw an opening here for a first-

class restaurant, and determined to improve it.

He was an excellent judge of meats, and in this

fact lay, in a great degree, the secret of his

success. His buxom wife was a skillful cook,

He began in a small way. The superiority

of his cuisine soon attracted the attention of

the public men, most of whom were and are

good livers. When Welcker began to make

money out of his popularity by putting on

fancy prices they patronized him all the more.

There are plenty of men with well-filled pocket-

books who would rather pay a dollar for some-

thing with a foreign name than to pay a quar-

ter at another place for the very same thing

with a plain "United States" designation. So

it was that Welcker prospered. His private

dining rooms and parlors were the favorite re-

sort of many men distinguished in politics and

literature. He always kept the choicest and

and of all degrees of strength, and these served

such things were used in Washington to a much

greater extent than now. There were few men

For years it was a great place for swell dinners,

used to give in furtherance of his schemes.

Many the times that little coteries of politicians

official preferment. The caterer's bills on

who had long been employed in the establish-

stories high was built, which goes to show

that 20 years of tickling the palates and

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

A good audience assembled one evening last

week at the National Rifles' Armory to hear the

story of the battle of Missionary Ridge. Maj.-

Gen. John C. Fremont presided, and introduced

Gen. John B. Turchin, who, for more than an

hour and a half, entertained and instructed the

audience with his very exact and graphic de-

scription of the operations of the Army of the

Cumberland around Chattanooga, culminating

in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and in the

utter defeat and rout of the Confederate army

under Gen. Braxton Bragg. That battle was,

Gen: Bragg-to Grant because the rank and file

ing more than he had expected, and to Bragg

because he considered his position impregnable and unassailable. Col. J. W. Eldridge, who

commanded a portion of the Confederate artil-

lery in that battle, was next introduced, and

SHE HAD FORGOTTEN

The other day two Boston schoolma'ms, who

wore eyeglasses, and whose faces had "the

pale cast of thought," were sitting in the gallery

of the Senate, looking down upon the collection

"Let's see," said one of them to her compan-

ion, "the Vice-President presides over this

august body, I believe. That must be him in

the chair." (She said "him," with a surprising

disregard for grammatical propriety.) "I'll

Leaning over she said to a bald-headed old

"Will you kindly inform me if that is Mr.

gentleman who was sitting in the next seat:

"Oh, no, my lady, you surprise me!" was the reply. "Mr. Hendricks is, I trust, in

The young woman straightened up in her seat,

growing very red in the face. She suddenly

remembered that she had heard that Mr. Hen-

dricks had passed from earth. Her companion

said it was a very good joke, and would bear

THE REASON FOR IT.

Mr. Kimball, Director of the Mint, is re-

ported to have said that he has appointed in his

bureau, since he entered upon his duties, very

few except Republicans, for the reason that he

could not find Democrats possessing the peculiar

qualifications necessary to the business. He

tives and asked them to recommend suitable

applied to Democratic Senators and Representa-

persons, but as a rule the men so suggested did

not fill the bill. He submitted the matter to

prefer the selection of Democrats, other things

being equal, he desired that Mr. Kimball should

appoint the best men, without regard to their

party affiliations. Such men must understand,

however, that when they accepted the positions

HE WENT UP.

The President, accompanied by Secretary

Endicott, Mrs. Endicott and Col. Casey, made

his first ascent to the top of the Washington

Monument last week. Mr. Cleveland was much

interested in the visit and in seeing the interior

of the monument. He was invited by Col.

Casey to make the last trip on the elevator pre-

vious to the dismantling of the present ma-chinery for running it. A new engine and

boiler house is being erected 700 feet distant

from the monument, and the power for running

the elevator is to be conveyed in an under-

ground channel that is now being constructed.

No more visitors, therefore, will be able to

make the trip to the toplof the monument at

IT IS HUMAN NATURE.

people always want to do anything that is for-

bidden. Mr. Smith, who is in charge of the

Government Botanical Gardens, furnishes some

testimony on this point. Among the plants are

some that are so delicate and sensitive that the

slightest touch is injurious to them. He used

to have signs displayed cautioning visitors not

to touch them, and the consequence was that

everybody wanted to do it. Many of them did

and the plants were greatly damaged. At

length he removed the signs and the evil was

cured at once. Now nobody thinks of touch-

PRESIDENT AND EX-PRESIDENT.

of choice flowers from the White House con-

servatory to ex-President Arthur, with a note

in which the President expressed his sympathy

with the distinguished invalid and the hope

that he would soon recover and enjoy many

happy days. Mr. Arthur's acknowledgment | Mention The National Tribune.

Last week President Cleveland sent a basket

ing the plants.

It is a peculiarity of our human nature that

they must leave their politics behind them.

telling when they got home "to Bosting."

Atlanta after the battle.

of able statesmen.

see if I can't find out."

Hendricks in the chair?"

Heaven. That is Mr. Sherman."

such as Sam Ward, the "King of the Lobby,"

"Welcker's" has long been one of the famous

or of "Molly Bawn," etc.

Dark Days. A Novel. By Hunn Conwar, author of

Some Observations and Happenings After the Battle.

> BY W. F. HINMAN, 65TH OHIO. [COPYRIGHT, 1886.]

No. XXVIII. fearful day can ever forget the horrors of the long night which followed? It was keenly, that a few hours before was the scene of the bitterly cold. The ground and everything upon | battle's roar and carnage, now hung the awful it was whitened by a frost so heavy that it | silence of night and death.

seemed almost if snow had fallen. Those who had met instant death upon that the reach of succor. The biting frost supplemented the dreadful havoc of bullet and shell. ing and helpless, the flickering spark of life went out in agony.

After the fighting of the day had ceased the commander of each army gathered his shat-tered battalions and established his lines for the night, in readiness to meet any emergency. | and 'll be thar 'n a minit!" The members of the 200th Indiana-they had fairly earned the right to be called soldiers now -were ordered to lie upon their arms. No fires | the sufferer. There he lay upon the cold earth, were permitted. Hardtack and raw bacon, without coffee, comprised their evening refresh-

Like all the rest, Si Klegg and Shorty were greatly fatigued after the exertions and the intense excitement of the day. In the heat of battle they had no thought of weariness, but after the fight was done, when mind and heart and body were relieved from the strain, there · followed such a feeling of exhaustion as they had never experienced before.

They lay down upon the hard, cold earth, between their blankets, and tried to sleep, but could not. The appalling events of the day were before their eyes in all their awful vividness. The hours since morning had flown as if they were but minutes. Amidst such scenes the senses take no note of time. And yet, looking back to the morning, it seemed an age. Occurrences of the previous day were but dimly remembered, as if they belonged to the

"Shorty," said Si, as they lay shivering with the cold, "wonder 'f I killed anybody to-day! I tried to, jest my level best-ye know thatwhen I was in the fight, but now it's all over I don't like ter think 'bout it."

"Them raskils tried hard 'nough ter kill you 'n' me, Si," said Shorty, "'n' they come purty nigh doin' it, too. How's yer head ?"

"It's a little bit sore, but that don't amount to nothin'-only a scratch. It 'll be all right 'n a day or two. But I tell yo," continued Si taking up the thread of his thoughts, "fightin' 's mighty tough business. I aint much of a frost, weak and fainting from hunger and loss phlos'pher, but I don't b'lieve all this murderin' of blood, in an agony of pain. can't quite see why 'taint jest's cruel 'n' wicked | cross was not more fervent and sincere. to put a bullet through a man's head or shoot off his leg in Tennessee as 'tis 'n Injianny."

ter git over them squeamish notions. Them fellers begun this row, 'n' we've got ter fight 'em till they qu't Yer idees 's right 'nough, but ye can't make 'em fit war times. Ye'll have ter hold 'em awhile; they'll keep."

'I s'pose that's so, Shorty. Course I ain't 'n' let a reb shoot me down 'n my tracks 'f I kin help it. The Guvyment's got ter be defended but I tell ve it's mighty rough on them upon their return. For the safety of their as has ter do the defendin'. I understand how ple 't pertends to be civilized, 'n' some of 'em Upon hands and knees they moved him along, thinks they's Christians, gits up such a shootin' a foot or two at a time. It was a slow and match 's we had to-day, when everybody 's laborious task, but they toiled on patiently and | during these sad rites. Hearts were too full. blowin' men's brains out 'n' punchin' bay nets | perseveringly. Two or three times they were inter their bodies. I know when ye git a war | fired upon, but the balls passed harmlessly by somebody 'll have ter git hurt, but seems ter me there ortn't ter be any war, 'cept 'mong dogs, 'n' tigers, 'n' heathens. My notion is that there wouldn't be none, nuther, 'f the men 't got it up was the ones that had ter do all the have expired before the day dawned. marchin' 'n' fightin'. If they did screw up their courage to try it, one day like to-day

would cure 'em, I'm thinkin'." "I b'lieve ye, Si," replied Shorty, "but, 's I hearted. I ain't afeard ye wont stan' up ter the rack, fodder or no fodder, after seein' how ye behaved yerself to-day, but ye'll feel better jest ter go in on yer nerve 'n' do 'em all the damage ye kin. That's what ye're here fer. If ye'd been bamped around in the world like me ye'd 've had the senterment all knocked out o' ye same's I have. Fact is, I couldn't hardly tell ye what I 'listed fer, 'cause I don't know myself. I s'pose a'most every man 's got some o' what they calls patritism, but I'm more 'n half thinkin' 't when they distributed it 'round I didn't git quite my sheer on it; an' it haint growed any sence I've bin solgarin', nuther. I reck'n ye've got more on it, Si, 'n I have. I can't see 's it makes a diff o' bitterence ter me, indivijly, whether this country 's cut in two or not. But I'm in fer 't, 'n' I'm goin ter keep peggin away all the same 's if I was 's full o' patritism 's them red-hot speechifiers up North that goes around sloppin' over-but they're mighty keerful not to jine the army theirselves. I'm goin' ter try 'n' keep up my eend o' the bargain, 'n' arn my thirteen dollars a mouth. There's jest one more thing I want ter say, Si. If either on us has got to git killed, I hope 'twent be you, 'cause you've got lots o' friends 't 'd feel bad. I aint o' very much account, noway, 'n'

I don't b'lieve any tears 'd leak over me!' It was a singular companionship-that of Si and Shorty. Their dispositions and characteristics were so different, but they had been drawn together and held in an ever-tightening clasp that nothing except a fatal bullet | the faint reply. could sever. It can be no more easily explained than many of the nuptial puzzles that in every community prove so exhausting to the gossipers whose social function is to dissect all such matters.

Shorty, as we have seen from his conversation with his "pard," was a type of the voluntempestuous sea. A "pilgrim and a stranger," he had few ties of kinship. His intercourse with the world had not tended to the growth and development of the finer sensibilities of human nature. His heart had not known that glowing heat of patriotic ardor that was the impelling force of so many who shouldered musket or buckled sword. He had enlisted, influenced perhaps in some degree by a vague young soldier. "Ye've saved my life, and I'll and impalpable sense of duty, but, as he has told us, hardly knowing why he did so. He | bless ye!" much as though that were part of his duty as a soldier. And yet, notwithstanding all this, | what they had done. there was no man in the ranks of the 200th Indiana who would prove more patient and faithful and brave than Shorty.

condition. It did not indicate any weakening from one point to another, in preparation of his patriotic resolution to do his duty under | for the combat which it was expected would any and all circumstances. It was the inevita- be renewed with the break of day. The ble reaction after the intense strain of the day measured footsteps of the marching battalions upon his mental and physical resources. It creaked upon the frosty ground. Few eyes seemed to him, as it did to thousands and hun- were closed in sleep that night, and those only dreds of thousands of others, that war, in the in short, fitful naps that gave little rest to abstract, was monstrously cruel and barbarous, | weary bodies. and to reconcile it with the teachings of his boyhood was no easy task. Many others found

and moved about to warm by exercise their benumbed and stiffened limbs. They walked out a short distance to the front, where the watchful pickets were keeping their vigils. Si's attention was arrested by a sound that came from beyond the line. "Hark!" he exclaimed, "d'ye hear that,

a low moan of pain. Si's tender sympathies

were instantly aroused.

"Shorty," said he, "let's see if we can't help that poor sufferin' man. He'll freeze to death 'fore mornin'. You wait here t'll I go 'n' ask the Cap'n, 'n' we'll see 'f we can't bring him in. We don't know how soon we'll be wantin' somebody ter de it fer you or me."

"I'm with ye, Si," said Shorty. "Like as not sh'd be killed, mebbe, if there is anybody up credit mark for tryin' ter help a feller-bein' out 'o misery; 'n' perhaps it 'll offset a little o' what he's got charged agin us on t'other side. Go ahead, Si, 'n' bring yer blanket with ye. I'll stay here till ye come!'

Company Q was lying, and made known his wish to the Captain. The latter accompanied him to the Colonel, who, after commending in After breakfast was over Company Q. of the the highest terms his gallant conduct in the battle, consented that he might carry out his desire, at the same time warning him of the

danger to which he would be exposed. Seizing his blanket Si returned to his comrade. Cautioning the pickets, so that they might not be fired upon by their friends, the two good Samaritans went upon their errand of mercy. Then carefully and stealthily they of loved comrades who had marched by their picked their way-for the enemy's videts were but a short distance off-guided by the groans | more. that grew more distinct as they approached. Dropping to their knees they crept over the Who that carried gun or sword through that frost-covered ground, among the stiff and whitened forms of the dead. Over that field

The object of their search lay in an open spot, beyond which, through the dim starlight, bloody field were more fortunate than some of | Si and Shorty could see the picket-posts behind their comrades who, desperately wounded, were | which they knew the hostile sentinels were left far out between the hostile lines, beyond | watching with sleepless eye. They could scarcely hope to accomplish their purpose without being discovered. But they shrank Lying there, under the stars, mangled, bleed- not from danger. Slowly they made their way toward the sufferer.

"Oh, help, help! For God's sake wont somebody come! "Hello, pard!" said Si, in a suppressed tone. 'Keep up yer nerve! We're comin' after ye,

Flat upon their faces they worked themselves along, with hand and foot, and at length reached



THE MISSION OF MERCY.

a brave boy no older than Si, chilled by the

"Never mind that, pard," said Si; "all we | 200th, in charge of an officer, started upon its | but in the fullness of time she married a man want now is ter git ye out o' this."

"Ye ar' a good, brave boy," said Shorty, "'n' With tender touch they raised him gently yer gizzard's chuck fell o' sand, but ye want from the ground and laid him upon the blanket. There was a blaze from one of the enemy's pickets, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out in corpses were borne thither upon stretchers. management that had always characterized the the clear night air, and a bullet whizzed past They were wrapped in the blankets which they place. Under the new regime there has been them. They dropped upon their faces for a moment.

"Seems to me," whispered Si, "that Satan goin' ter stan' with my hands 'n my pockets | himself wouldn't fire on us 'f he knew what we | by the blood of those who bore them. The

was doin'. After a brief pause Si and Shorty started charge, as well as their own, they could not erect, and were soon within the lines. They bore the wounded soldier to the nearest hospisave a life which, but for the rescue, would

"but I hope ye'll pull through all right, 'n' I

200th Indiana, was drawn up in line for roll call, for the first time since the havoc of the The Week's Doings at the Nafight. One of the Lieutenants had been killed and the other wounded. Only the Captain remained of the officers. The company looked a mere squad when compared with the full ranks that went so bravely into battle. There were sad faces and aching hearts as the men thought side, whose familiar touch they would feel no feeding places of Washington-that is, where

"Call all the names," said the Captain to the Orderly, "and let the men answer for their comrades who are not here to speak for themselves."

"Wounded in the thigh while holding the

"Sargeant Gibson." "Killed; shot through the head!"

"Sargeant Wagner." "Here!" "Sargeant Thompson."

"Corporal Brown." "Mortally wounded; died the morning after

the fight!" "Corporal Klegg."

"Here!" Si's response was clear and full, as if he was proud to be "here." There was a perceptible tremor in his voice, however, for his heart was | and this was another important factor in the full of tender memories of those who had gone

down before the storm. "Private Anderson." "Here!"

"Connolly

"Aultman ' "Dead! fell by my side and never spoke a

word!" "Barnes." "Right arm torn off by a piece of shell; in

nospital.' "Bowler. "Here!

"Killed in the charge when we drove 'em!" "Day." "Here!" And so it went on through the list. Little | most expensive wines and liquors of all kinds wonder that the Captain wept, as he stood with

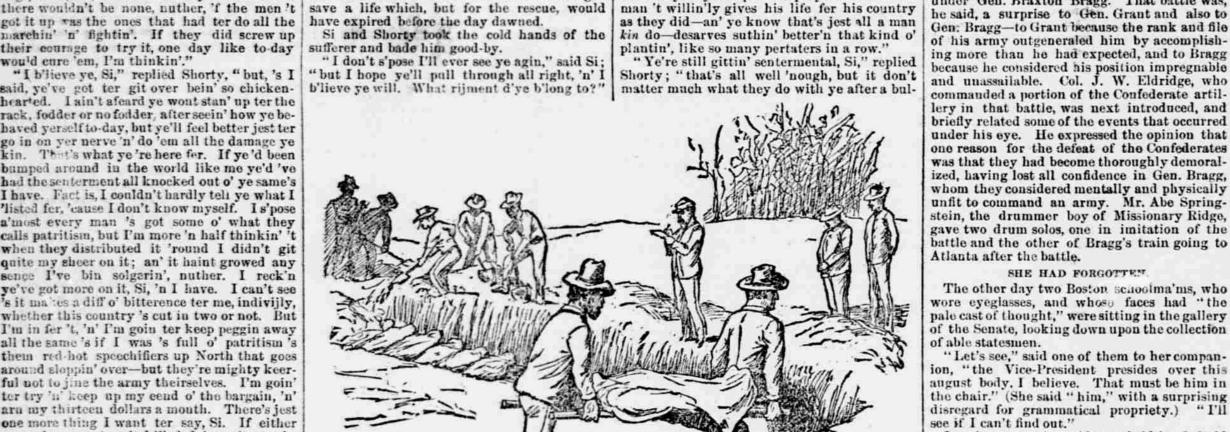
folded arms listening to the responses, and as an additional magnet. Twenty years ago looking with feelings of mingled pride and grief upon what remained of his gallant company! Little wonder that tears trickled down through the dust and grime over the faces of | did not find use for the corkserew. men strong and brave! Little wonder that lips quivered and voices trembled with emotion, and the words, in answer to the call of the Orderly, found difficult utterance! After the call was finished the Captain tried to speak a few words of compliment to his the whole civilized world has been represented

men, but heart and voice failed him. Vainly at this noted Fifteenth street establishment. striving to control his emotions he bade the Orderly dismiss the company, and turned away with streaming eyes. Later in the day an order was issued for a last sad duty-that of gathering and burying | walls of that hostelry could speak they might the dead. As yet the slain of the army were many "a tale unfold" of plotting and counter-

lying where they fell, scattered over miles of | plotting in matters of politics, legislation, and field and thicket and wood. The Orderly of Company Q called for volun- such occasions were seldom disputed or criti-'n' manglin' 's right. If I sh'd kill a man up in Injianny I'd git hung fer it, 'n' it'd sarve me right. When ye git down ter hard-pan I The prayer of the penitent thief upon the mong them. Picks, spades, and stretchers his wife a comfortable bank account. She were supplied, and the detachment from the carried on the business successfully for a while,

mournful mission. A suitable spot was selected and a long ment at the head of the gastronomic department. trench dug, seven feet wide and four or five This was a good thing for him, as well as for feet deep. Then the mangled and stiffened had carried over their shoulders when they went into the fight, and which still encircled their lifeless bodies, many of them reddened men laid their dead comrades side by side in | stomachs of statesmen has not been without its the trench. Then the earth was shoveled in, reward. and those familiar faces and forms were hidden forever from the eyes of the living. At the that is, but I can't git it out o' my head that | arise to their feet and bear off their burden, as | head of each was placed a bit of wood, perhaps there's suth a' out'o jint somewhere when peo- they would be certain to draw the enemy's fire. a fragment of a cracker box, with his name. company and regiment penciled upon it for future identification. Few words were spoken

"Shorty," said Si, as they marched back to the bivouac, "that's the best we could do fer on yer hands ye've got ter fight it out, 'n' them. Reaching cover, they were able to walk the poor boys, but it 'd make me feel bad to think I was goin' ter be buried that way hundreds o' miles from home 'n' friends, 'n' 'thout tal. There he received the care that might | even anybody to speak a prayer. I think a plantin', like so many pertaters in a row."



"HE LAY LIKE A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST."

"Then we're neighbors when we're to home. I live in Injianny, 'n' I'm in the bully 200th. I s'pose you've hearn tell 'bout that; she's the | 'mounts to!" boss riiment."

The wounded boy gazed into the faces of Si and Shorty with a look of unutterable gratitude and affection. It was clearly his opinion teer soldier that was found in every company. that if all the members of the 200th were like All his life he had been buffeted about on a them, the regiment might well deserve the designation Si had given it.

"If ye git well 'n' come back," continued Si, 'ye must be sure 'n' hunt up me 'n' Shorty, 'cause we'il he glad ter see ye. My name's Klegg and my pard's-well I most forgot what his other name is; we jest calls him 'Shorty.' I hope ye'll find us 'live 'n' kickin' yet." "Ye've been mighty good to me!" said the

checred the flag when the others did, very | Si and Shorty went back to their post with

hearts aglow with pleasure at the thought The night wore slowly away. There were frequent alarms on the picket-line that kept the soldiers in constant trepidation. Regi-Si's state of mind at this time was a natural ments and brigades were being moved

For three days the two armies lay like wounded lions glaring and growling, each at the same trouble with this question that he | the other, with occasional fighting at one point or another on the long and tortuous line. After lying for an hour Si and Shorty arose | Then, "between two days," the rebel army "Folded its tents like the Arabs

And as silently stole away." With the dawn of Sunday morning came essation of the dia and chaos of the week, No shot sounded on the picket-line; no cannon thundered its morning alarm. An advance of skirmishers revealed only the deserted works and camps of the enemy. Vic-They listened, and there came to their ears | tory, so long hanging in the balance, had at last been decided for the Union arms.

As if borne upon the wind the glad tidings spread through the army. The air was rent with wild huzzas. Whole regiments united, with a fervor and zest that words cannot describe, in singing to the tune of "Old Hundred"

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It was not prompted by any sudden ebullition of piety, but to those rejoicing hearts it them raskils over thar 'll fire at us. If we seemed appropriate to the day and the occasion, and thousands of voices swelled in mighty above that keeps the account, he'll give us a chorus till the woods rang with the inspiring

For the first time in a week the soldiers, wearied and worn with marching and fighting and nightly watching, stacked arms, threw off their accouterments, built fires, and disposed | Ethel, "just as soon as your new tailor-made Si hurried back to where the remnant of themselves for needed rest and refreshment, suit is done."

"Hunderd 'n' seventy-fifth Michigan," was | let 's gone through yer head. I'd 's lief be buried one place 's 'nuther. Anyhow, it's a part o' war. Ye git killed 'n' they dig a hole 'n' tumble ye in, 'n' that's all 't military glory

That evening the word was passed around that a mail would leave the next morning, and everybody addressed himself to the work of writing brief letters to friends at home. Epistolary materials were scarce, but bits of pencils were hunted up and used by one after another in turn. Messages were written on leaves torn from diaries and odd scraps of paper picked up here and there. Anybody who had postage stamps divided them around among his comrades. Uncle Sam ought to have "franked" the letters, but he didn't.

By the flickering light of a fire Si wrote—on the President, saying that he would much prepaper that had found its way to the front as a | fer to appoint Democrats, but felt that he ought wrapper for a package of cartridges-a short | not to impair the service by doing so. The never forget ye if I live a thousand years. God | letter to his mother, and another that ran in | President told him that the public interest was the chief consideration, and while he would

jan the 4 1860 3

Deer Annie I spose youve saw in the papers bout the awful fite we had. Yude better blieve we lictem too. Of course taint fer me to brag bout myself an I aint going to but ile jest say that me an Shorty was thar all the time an we dident git behind no trees nuther. I tell ye it was hottern a camp meetin. Wun bullet scraped the hare offer my hed an nuther nocked the but of my gun into slivers an nuther cut the strap of Shortys haversack thats the bag he carrys his grub in but we got out all rite. I had a idee yude be kinder glad to no i dident run and hide in a mewl wagin when the bullits began ter zip. want yer to think as mutch of me as ye kin an I no a gurl likes a feller wat tries ter be brave an do his dewty bettern she does wun wats a coward. If enny of cumpny Q as was wownded gits hum on furio I aint afeerd ter have ye ask em how Si klegg stood the rackit. Shorty an me capcherd a rebble flag an the man wat was carryin it. It was mity billyus an i dident bleeve ide ever see yer agin. Mayby i wunt cause i spose weve got ter go threw sum more fites but ittle make me feel awfle bad if i dont fer ive that a heap of ye durin these days. I hoap ye think bout me as offen as i do bout yu. But say Annie i doant want ter fite haf as bad as i did afore taint funny a bit. But the 200th is a bully rijiment an ime goin ter stick by her threw thick an thin jest the saims ime goin ter stick by yu. Thares lots o things ide like to rite but i cant now as i haint enny

> if yu luv me as i luv yu kno nife can cut ower luv intu. Yourn frever

March, April, May are the months to purify the blood-now take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

more paper an i got this offen a packidge of cat-

ridges.

A Great Moral Support. [N. Y. Sun.] "I declare, Ethel," said a young lady from the country to her cousin after they had run

the gantlet of two or three Broadway hotels, how rudely those men stare at one. The next time I shall take the opposite side of the way." "Oh, you will feel differently," replied Miss full of hope, and written in a hand as firm and steady as it could have been had the writer been in the most perfect health. RETURN OF CAPTURED VALUABLES.

reached the White House Saturday in a letter

Both Houses of Congress last week passed a bill to restore to the owners the large quantity of jewelry and silver plate that was captured during the war, and has since been locked up in the vaults of the Treasury Department. The people had almost forgotten it was there until the contents of the vaults of the Treasury were turned over by Treasurer Wyman to Mr. Jordan, his successor. It was found that there were several large boxes containing articles of value that were placed on deposit by the Secretary of War in the Treasury for safe keeping. These boxes contain not only a large amount of solid silver plate, but 300 or 400 watches, jewelry of all sorts and descriptions, diamonds and pearls, which were captured from time to time by the Union army, much of it by Gen. Sherman's command and a good deal by Gen. Custer. Whatever the soldiers did not get away with was turned in by the commanding officers to the Adjutant-General, who sent it to Washington. The boxes have not been opened since 1865, but it is said that they contain documents which will establish the ownership of nearly all of the articles, and Treasurer Jordan, in consultation with Secretary Endicott, decided to ask Congress to release him from responsibility of their custody and take steps for their return to those who originally owned them. These boxes do not contain the three swords that were captured from Gen. Twiggs. They are in the vaults of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where they were placed soon after the war. These swords are very valuable, their scabbards being of gold, handsomely mounted with jewels. Gen. Twiggs's family have made repeated attempts to recover them. as they were gifts to him from the State of Georgia, from the Government of the United States, and from private citizens, but they have not been able to convince Congress that the property of a traitor should be restored, particularly as Gen. Twiggs drew against the Government of the United States a sword that was presented to him by Congress.

A KENTUCKY MEMBER WANTED WATER. It does not take much, sometimes, to provoke Congressmen to laughter. During the of prominence in any sphere of public life who debate in the House on the contested election case of Hurd against Romeis Mr. Robertson, of Many famous men, foreign and indigenous, Kentucky, made a speech for Mr. Hurd, in the have been the guests of Welcker. Dickens delivery of which he became a good deal exstopped there when in Washington, and princes cited. Feeling thirsty he called a page and and titled men from nearly all the countries asked for a glass of water. of Europe have dined at his tables. In short

"Does a gentleman from Kentucky ask for water?" exclaimed a Member. "The Prohibition millennium must be near at hand." Of course everybody laughed uproariously. The hilarity was increased when Mr. Roberts: son, feeling called upon to apologize, said he did not often call for water, and he hoped his detail from each company to go upon the field and schemers have met there to discuss their offense would be overlooked this time. Then where the regiment fought and discharge the plans over terrapin and champagne. If the he drained the glass and went on with his speech. THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The Treasury statement shows that the reduction of the public debt during the month of April was \$10,965,387.95. The total cash in the Treasury May 1 was \$493,462.510.73. During April the Government receipts from all sources were \$26,871,590.21, and the expenditures \$21, 036,879.83.

BURYING A SENATOR. The bill of the Congressional committee sent

to San Francisco with the remains of the late Senator Miller has been presented to Congress the patrons, insuring a continuance of the good for payment. It amounts to \$7,378, itemized no diminution of prosperity, the chief renown

Transportation ...... Pullman cars..... Traveling expenses, including hotel bills..... being for the table. Last year an addition six Sashes, gloves, etc............ Carriages in Washington... Draping Senate Chamber ..... Cartage and use of 300 chairs....

THE 49TH CONGRESS

An Epitome of the Proceedings of the Past Week. There was a great deal of talk in Congress last week, but very little business was done. The House spent a large part of the time in discussing the river and harbor appropriation bill, while the Senate debated inter-State commerce and post-office appropriations. The soldiers received scarcely any attention, not even a private pension bill being acted upon. Mr. Sawyer (Wis.) introduced a bill (S. 2243) to increase the rate of pension for deafness; which was read twice and referred to the Com-

mittee on Pensions. Mr. Geddes (Ohio) presented a joint resolution of the Legislature of the State of Ohio urging the passage of the bill (H. R. 4902) increasing the pensions of soldiers who lost a leg or arm in the line of duty.

under his eye. He expressed the opinion that Mr. Hanback (Kan.) introduced a bill (H. R. one reason for the defeat of the Confederates 8152) to provide for the payment of a bounty was that they had become thoroughly demoralto District of Columbia Volunteers, which was ized, having lost all confidence in Gen. Bragg, referred to the Committee on War Claims. whom they considered mentally and physically Mr. Johnston (Ind.), from the Committee on unfit to command an army. Mr. Abe Spring-stein, the drummer boy of Missionary Ridge, War Claims, reported, in the nature of a substitute for H. R. 458, a bill (H. R. 8322) to provide gave two drum solos, one in imitation of the for the payment of female nurses during the battle and the other of Bragg's train going to war; which was referred to the Committee of the Whole House.

GEN. GRANT'S BOOK. The first volume of Gen. Grant's Personal Memoirs is now for sale at this office at the same price the publishers-C. L. Webster & Co., New

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— Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

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VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Aver's Hair Vigor. \*\* A d ease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do me any good until I commenced using Aver's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. - Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

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which your grandmothers laughed till they cried, and it is just as "Dark" funny to-day as it ever was. anny to-day as it ever was.

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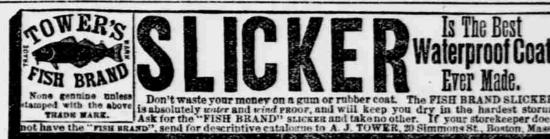
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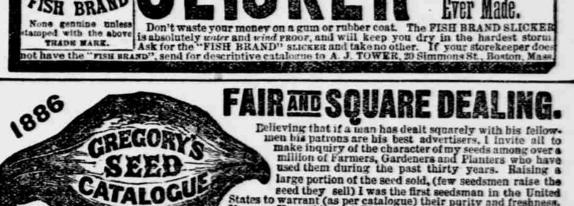
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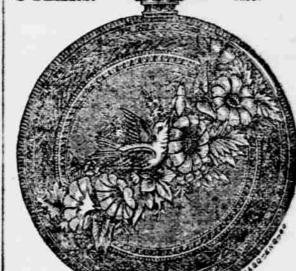






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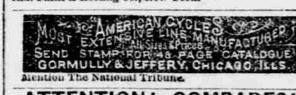
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W ANTED-By N. B. Barron, of Logansport, Cass Co., Ind.—The address of John F. Deaner, who was Quartermaster's Sergeant of Co. F. 2d W. Va. Cav. His ast-known address was Parkersburg, W.Va. WANTED-By W. C. Weakley, Carlisle, Pa.—The aldress of Harrison Hoover, who was stationed at Camp Biddle, Carlisle, Pa., during the Winter of '64; then was assigned to the 19th Pa. in May, 65, before being discharged. 247-2t

W ANTED-By Edward Jenkins, Westfield, Morrow Co., O.-The address of Corporal Paddock, of Co. H, WANTED-By Jacob Scott, S. Anburn, Neb.-The address of the Surgeon in charge of hospital at Charleston, W.Va., in Winter of 1862-3; also of the nurse

WANTED-By E. A. Jenner, Rush, Pa.—The address of any officer or private under Maj. Sawyer, who went from Camp Stoneman down the Shenandoan Valley, and was in the battle of Shenandoah River and Snicker's Gap in July, 1864; also the Surgeon who went with the above command. The address of any officer or private of 20th V. R. C., stationed at Wilmington, Del., in 1865. W ANTED-By Mrs. John Hilzinger, Running Water, Dak, -The address of any afficial values V Dak.—The address of any officers or privates of Co. 1st N. Y. Marine Art. 247-4t

W ANTED-By Andrew Gluxien, Le Sueur, Minn,-The address of any officer or comrade of Co. A, 30th I. Vet. Vol., from January, '64, to August, '65, 247-28 WANTED-By Jos. Brewster, Dresbach, Minn.-The addresses of Capt. Myers, Private Wm. H. Smith, or any member of Co. H. 3d Wis. Cav., who was present at the capture of a rebei steamer on Yazoo River. WANTED-By Mrs. B. N. Cross, Fredericksburg, Iowa-The address of any officer or member of Co.

WANTED-By Anthony Miller, care of Hubbard & Wager, Flint, Mich.-The address of George W. Reed or Weeler, Second Lieutenant, Co. M, Ill. L. A. WANTED-By Wilhelm Meyer, Le Sueur, Minn.-The address of any officer or comrade of Co. C.

W ANTED-By James M. Cook, National Military Home, Ohio-The address of John T. Cotton, First Sergeant, or any comrade of Co. F; also, Pat. Gelkey, of Co. B, 4th U. S. Cav.

WANTED-By H. R. Hopkins, Augusta, Me.—The address of any member of the 30th Mich., especially WANTED-By Frank N. Wicker, Lockport, N. Y.-The address of B. N. Miner, late Second Lieutenant and Acting Signal Officer, who was on duty at Signal Camp of Instruction near Darnestown, Md., in 1861.

MPORTANT—Henry Fisher, late of Co. K. 6th Inf. and 1st Independent Battery, N. Y. L. A., your parents are living at Sandwich, Ill., and are anxious to hear WANTED-By & C. McElroy, Shubert, Nels.-The addresses of the following members of Co. A, 1st al.: J. P. McHenry, H. C. Beaver, Joseph Morrison and fork Waldmar. Mark Waldman.

DDRESS WANTED-If Lieut. H. A. D. Merrick, of A the 5th N.Y. Cav., who recently wrote an article in THE NATIONAL TELBUNE on the Dahlgren raid, will send his address to this office he will greatly oblige the Editor.